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THE SMUGGLERS.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH LIFE.

"A raal fine dark night, Thady," said Phelim O'Rourke to his companion, as they both walked up and down on the soft sand before the frowning entrance of a large cave, formed by the hand of nature in the huge rocks surrounding the wild coast of Kerry, "the whitefaced moon's not darin' to show herself, an' so much the better for us."

"It was just on such another evenin' as this," observed Thady, "that *Pretty Polly* cum in afther her furst thrip, when the villainous revenue watchers attacked us."

"Ay, ay, Thady, so I often hard Brady sayin', bud you know I wasn't wid you thin."

"About that same Brady," interrupted the listener, "do you know, now, I don't half like him, an' I doubt iv he's one of the right-sour: there's a quare kind ov a frownin' look in his eye that seems as iv he hadn't the finest conscience in the world."

"In throth yer perfectly right, Thady, an' I too have my doubts of the same ugly gossoon. I wondher Murphy id thrust him at all at all, and there's his purty daughter, too, its odd how the likes ov him id dar to look in her smilin' face."

"Och, mischief rasave the chance he has there," cried Thady, "fur wid all his coortin' an' his throuble, Phil Egan is the boy for her, as anybody might see wid half an eye."

"An' a brave, clever, strappin' chap is that same Phil, an' a better nor an opener hearted I niver met wid," exclaimed Phelim, "besides I think it's not unknownst to Brady that he's better liked, as I hard Polly tellin' him so this identical mornin'."

"I wondher where he's gone sence," interrupted Thady, "I met him above in the pass ov the rocks, an' his face was black an' swelled wid passion, an' his eyes flamin' like fire. I know I don't half like the business altogether."

"No nor naither do I, Thady, seein' as how its as likely as not that we'll be discovered on thro' his manes."

"Thady," here interrupted a soft female voice, that proceeded from the entrance of the cave, "my father's awake now, an' he wishes to see you an' O'Rourke; while yez both go in I'll stand here, an' watch that nobody comes."

"Very well, Miss Polly," answered the man addressed, "bud hadn't you better put yer cloak about you, as the wind's gettin' colder an' colder, an' a few dhrops ov rain are beginnin' to fall."

"Thank you, Thady," she answered, drawing on her cloak as the two men were entering, "bud I'm not afeard ov gettin' a little rain, altho' much obleeged to you fur your good nature."

The interior of the cavern we speak of was formed of rugged pointed rocks, hung over on the sides nearest the entrance with various kinds of sea-weed. However, as the two men advanced farther into it, the bottom was covered with firm dry sand, and at the extreme end, where the sea never penetrated, there were several bales, parcels, and boxes strewed about, that plainly told the nature of the contraband trade there carried on. There was a figure seated on one of those, but dimly seen from the flickering light of a small oil lamp, that was suspended from an iron rod driven between the rocks, immediately over his head. He was a man of about the middle age, clad in a coarse peer jacket, and wide sailor's trowsers; his features were very much embrowned, probably from toil, and there was many a deep wrinkle on his brow that evidently told of former suffering and care. His brawny hands that were held over a bright fire made with various lids of boxes and pieces of wrecks, were sinewy and large, and his whole person denoted a man possessed of immense strength.

"Well, Thady," said he, as both men drew near, "the night still continues dark and stormy, an' there's no appearance of the *sharks* abroad, eh?"

"None whatsomdever," answered the person addressed, "they're all snugly tucked up in their dales (in their beds) afore this I dar say."

"Anyhow," said Phelim, "you know we can be ready to give thim a pepperin' that won't agree wid them all out, as the sayin' is; an' maybe it'll keep thim from

thrustin' their noses into what don't consarn thim be no manner ov manes in the world wide."

"Right, Phelim," answered Murphy, "bud led us spill no blood iv it can be helped. I'm now nearly five years in this little thrade—that's off an' on—an' tho' I've had many a brush wid the revenue in my time, I never yet was present where there was a life tuk. But I wanted to ask yez iv you seen Brady any where since mornin'; he knows that the boat's to be in to-night, an' I wondher he's not to the fore as usual."

"I don't think he's throe to the cause," bluntly exclaimed Thady, "an' I'm mooch concerned that he know of to-night's business, as now, be the good stick, he has us all completely in his power."

"He an' Polly had a tiff this mornin'" continued her father, "an' she hard him mutherin' somethin' to himself, about bein' up to her yet, an' things ov that soort, about revenge an' so forth; that's what makes me uneasy about id. But, psha, he may be here yet. Sit down, boys, an' dhrink a dhrop of brandy, fur this is a night that we'll all want somethin' to keep out the cold."

Upon this the three men drew closer around the fire, and sat together half smothered, or rather fully enveloped in the smoke that had no egress but the mouth of the cave, and the brandy bottle was passed from one to another with great rapidity, while they discussed the various causes that Brady might have for his continued absence.

Polly Murphy, the smuggler's only daughter, was a pretty little brunette: her hair, that was darker than the wing of the raven, hung in natural tresses and curls about her face, and her round black eyes, shaded by their long and silky lashes, glittered like diamonds. Notwithstanding the rough life she had been always used to, she was finely and delicately formed, and a prettier foot or ankle was not to be seen in all Kerry.

Her mother had been long since dead, and her affection for her father was the strongest feeling of her gentle nature; in fact it is always thus—where there is but one parent, a child's fondness for both is concentrated in him, and he is loved with a deep, fervent singleness of heart. Amongst the men who were joined with her father in his rude trade, she had, of course, two or three admirers, and equally, as a usual occurrence, one was preferred before the rest. There must decidedly be some freemasonry in the soul that incites its warmer feelings, and controls its deeper passions. But what have we to do with feelings or passions? Every one plays the fool at some time of their life, and so, we dare say, the gentle reader knows all about it; "anyhow" as the saying is, "he must have more experience than us."

Phil Egan was the elected youth, and a braver or a nobler heart than his did not beat in mortal bosom. His feeling for her was not the morbid, sickly, pining passion that boarding-school misses denominate *love*. It was a warm, a deep, a devoted fondness, that can be felt but once, and but for one, and was as pure and innocent in its nature as the being that first inspired its fervent and uncontrolled sighs.

Tom Brady, who had been her constant attendant from the very first, soon saw that Phil was preferred before him, and yet he did not, (as an Irishman generally would do) desist from his pursuit, envying, but not attempting to interfere with his rival's "better look." On the contrary, he still persisted in his attentions; and although Polly shunned him, there was an undefined feeling of dread inspired by his presence, that kept her from openly declaring her dislike. However, on that morning, when Phil was absent, he was more pressing in his advances than usual; and when she at last told him of her affection for another, and her indifference to him, his whole cautious demeanour seemed suddenly to desert him, and he left her in a kind of jealous phrenzy, muttering a half indistinct threat of vengeance. She grew alarmed, and immediately informed her father, who waited all day in expectation of his return; and when night came felt particularly uneasy, as his vessel was then to come in, and the last cargo was not yet removed from the cave.

The night that Phelim had denominated "raal fine," was as dark as pitch. Not a single star was peeping forth from the lowering sky; and the wind that blew in loud

and angry gusts occasionally brought down large and heavy drops of rain. The surges foamed and dashed amongst the rocks, now and then emitting a lightning-like phosphoric flash, and the sea-bird's wild and wailing scream was occasionally echoed o'er the waters. Polly, with her dark cloak wrapped closely round her figure, leaned on a smooth piece of granite at the entrance of the cave, and her feet were softly patting the smooth sand to keep time with the following words, that were half sung, half hummed, in an untutored but naturally sweet voice :—

He courted not as others do ;
 He did not say his heart was mine ;—
 He never praised my cheeks' soft hue,
 Or said without me he should pine !
 Oh, no ! oh, no ! but still to me
 He always looked sincerity !
 He never said my eyes were bright ;
 He never praised my jetty hair ;—
 But when he'd leave my home at night,
 He looked as if his heart was there !
 'Twas this ! 'twas this ! first vanquished me,—
 He looked so like sincerity !

Suddenly her song ceased, as a male figure clambering down the rocks arrested her attention, and ere she could move from her position he was at her side, and had grasped her reluctant hand.—It was Brady, who appeared slightly under the influence of intoxication, for he immediately began an unconnected rigmarole, expressive of his admiration ; and although she attempted to withdraw her hand, she could not, for he held it so firmly that he hurt it with his rude gripe. His conduct grew, by degrees, more and more outrageous, and at length trying, as he said, "to stule a taste of a kiss," she became so alarmed, that she shrieked out loudly for assistance. Just as her father, who immediately came forth, appeared at the front of the cave, Brady received a blow from a hand till then unseen, that dashed him to the ground, and Phil Egan, his fine form dilated and swelling with passion, exclaimed—

"There, scoundhrel, take that fur darin' to lay a hand on Polly Murphy."

"Brady, who if he were at all tipsy, was completely sobered by this unlooked for rencontre, slowly arose, his eyes almost hidden from the deep lowering of his shaggy brows, and his teeth clenched convulsively together : for a moment he stood perfectly motionless, and appeared to be collecting all his energies for one furious spring upon his rival ; but then, with great mental exertion, he seemed actually to gulp down his rage and vexation, and he hissed from between his teeth—

"You'll be sorry fur that blow, Phil Egan, mind what I say, an' mark my words, you'll be sorry to the longest day you live, iv it's in my power to make you so, an' I hope an' thrust it is."

"I'm not a bit afeard ov anything a *gommooh* like you can do," answered Phil, turning away, while Polly shuddered, she knew not why, at his dark and determined threat.

All was soon explained—they a second time withdrew to the cave, leaving Phelim outside to keep watch—and after much deliberation it was at length agreed that they should hang out the *safety signal* in case the "Pretty Polly" should put in, and that early on the following morning they should remove the cargo in the cave, and thus prepare for the worst that Brady's treachery might effect.

About two hours afterwards a large lantern, darkened at all sides save one, was brought out, and Thady clambering up the rocks, with the assistance of Phelim placed it on a high pinnacle, with the bright side to the North. This was the signal agreed on with those at sea, in case there were none of the revenue out on the watch, and its brilliant light had not been long displayed, when a small vessel was discerned in the offing drawing in towards them. Murphy having examined her intently through his eye glass, pronounced her to be the "Pretty Polly," and the friendly hail from her decks was cheerily answered by those on land. The wind at this time had considerably abated, yet the surges still were rough and white, but

outside their circle or belt, the waters were tolerably smooth, so that the smuggler's vessel was riding easily and with little motion. A boat was now lowered from her side, and manned with five or six hardy fellows, who, with infinite toil, pulled close into shore, sometimes appearing to pass actually through the surges. When their keel grated on the strand between the rocks, they sprang out and made fast a large cable to an iron ring firmly fixed in a huge mountain of granite ; the other end of this was in the vessel, and thus a means of communication was open. Losing no time in conversation they all immediately set to work, and large kegs and barrels of different commodities that were strongly protected from the wet, were attached to the rope by those on board, and then, at a given signal, immediately drawn on shore, and deposited in the cave, Thady and Phelim being there to arrange them as compactly as possible. In a space of time almost incredibly short, the best part of the cargo was landed, and all the men, who were dripping with sea water, rested for a short time from their labours, and drank each an allowance of brandy handed about by Murphy, while rude jests were interchanged, and toasts such as "Glory to the fish-thraders,"—"Bad luck to the revenue dogs," &c. hastily given.

"What do you think ov Brady now?" said Thady, O'Rourke, as they placed the wet goods along the sides of the cavern—"I thought we'd heard from him afore now seein' as how he wint off wid such a flay in his ear."

"Throth myself thought so too, avick," was the answer ; "but I suppose he's only waitin' till mornin' iv it goin' to discover on us he is—for shure it's only agin Phil he has the hathred, an' maybe we're safe enough."

"I wouldn't put any thrust in him at all," said Thady ; "and neither would you iv you'd seen his black face as I saw id, thrimblin', an' shakin', an' burnin' wid fair passion. Och, what it is fur honest min to have anything to say to the likes ov him."

"A thruer word never was spoken nor that, Thady, any how, but it's my opinion he'd be afeard ov turnin' traitor, knowin', as he does, that iv he did he'd sartinty be paid off."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by one of the men who had lately landed, rushing into the cave, and exclaiming—

"Silence ! boys jewels, silence ! as you value yer lives—we're betrayed, an' the bloody revenue peelers are comin' down."

At the same moment, with one violent sweep of his wet sea cap, he extinguished the lighted lamp, and they were all three left in total darkness.

"I'll swear," whispered Thady to Phelim and the new comer—"that cursed Brady is at the head ov this, for well I knew his threathuin' wasn't given in vain."

"Hoosh ! hoosh ! man," said Phelim in the same low tone, "here's somebody comin' in—it's Murphy himself, I believe."

"Lie still a minut, boys," said he, on entering—"I'm afeard it's all up wid us ; but anyhow they can't take the little vessel, as the rest ov the lads are on board, and we've made the signal fur them to stand out to say. Here, Phelim, give me one bundle ov lace, an' do you, aich ov you, take another, and folly me up the rocks. I thrust there's no one guardin' the back passage, as they're all comin' down the beach."

The moment they appeared on the piece of level strand immediately before the cave, they perceived at a little distance, by the light of the lanterns that they carried, a large party advancing towards them, and on looking out to sea, they found that the "Pretty Polly" had turned her head from land, and was making rapid way from the shore.

"It was well for you that you sint Polly to her aunt's this evenin'," observed Thady to her father still in a whisper, as they noiselessly approached a narrow path, where, by rude steps, they could clamber to the top of the rocks, "as God knows but she might be hurted iv she wor here."

"Indeed it is," answered he ; "but it's odd that Phil who went wid her isn't come back yet. I've an uneasy feel least he should fall into the hands of those *land-sharks* as he's returnin'."

Here they commenced the rugged ascent, and when they had arrived about mid-way, they stopped to look back on the proceedings of those below. The revenue party, who were fully thrice their number, so that resistance would have been madness, passed into the cave, and then re-appeared, as if disappointed at not finding them within; then after a moment's consultation, they began to advance rapidly towards the pass on which Murphy and his party stood. He had been looking in vain for Brady, as it was him that he expected would be leading them, and on observing this movement, followed by Phelim, Thady, and the new comer, each heavily laden, he precipitately continued his retreat.

"Stand!" roared a voice from the top, and the click of a pistol was heard, as the trigger was drawn back. Murphy at this did not hesitate a moment, but still continued to move on, though more cautiously than before, and when he placed his foot on the last or uppermost step, a figure with uplifted hand and pointed pistol opposed his farther progress. It was Brady, whose treachery now was seen in its fullest extent. The smuggler did not pause for an instant, but drawing back a little to give more impetus to his exertion, with one spring he bounded up on the traitor, and wound his powerful arms round his body. His three companions instantly followed, but ere they could lay a finger on either, the fierce struggle was fatally concluded. Murphy had held him with a giant strength, but just as the others were within a few feet of them, a loud pistol report was heard, and Murphy's death-cry rang upon their ears. His huge arms no longer clung round the murderer's body, but shrank back as their fibres became weak and relaxed, and Brady giving him a rude push from him, he tottered to the edge of the rocks, and fell like a lump of lead on the forehead of the revenue party, who had then commenced the ascent.

Thady and his two companions were completely horror-struck, and did not attempt further retreat or resistance; and when they were bound and leading off with muttered curses, they perceived Brady and the officer commanding the detachment, in close and amicable converse. The body of the unfortunate smuggler was removed to the cave, and a party remained to keep watch; while the remainder, accompanied by the informer, led their prisoners to a place of security. The ball had passed directly through Murphy's body; and though there was a slight trace of agony in his features, yet they still wore a calm and almost sleeping appearance. His lips were firmly closed together, but his eyes, not having been shut after the last dread struggle of the escaping soul, were wide and staringly open. Oh! there is nothing more awful or frightfully moving than the cold, rayless, dull eyes of the dead—the soul has departed, and *they* that could once tell its every emotion yet remain—but, oh, how changed!—how terribly, how completely changed! They laid his body on the white sand at the upper end of the cavern, and the pale sickly light of the replenished lamp rested fully on his marble features, and gave them a bluer and more ghastly paleness. Then they rummaged amongst the keys and boxes, till they discovered some brandy, and forming a rude table near the entrance, of various boards and barrels, they all sat down to a regular carouse.

It was a strange contrast that the cavern presented on that night. Death—sudden, unlooked for, and violent death—presiding, as it were, in one part; while, in the other, laughter, and song, and revelry, held their bacchanal festival. 'Tis ever thus with man—still unmoved and unrepenting even on the very borders of the grave—having still an appetite for earthly pleasure, still giving a loose rein to all his wishes and desires, though death be following his footsteps with the tenacity of a trained bloodhound! Oh! how little do we dream of our after life, or think of forsaking the sinful amusements of this! Oh! how we shun the thought of our being unprepared, till the "silver cord" that binds us to the world is almost snapped in twain! Then, then there is weeping, and wailing, and repenting; and as we stand on the very brink of the two worlds—the one that has passed away, and the other that is yet to come—we shudder at the unknown mysteries of eternity! We see and feel the littleness of this life, and yet we cling to it,

for we cannot look without dread and trembling to our future fate!

Of Polly's deep and concentrated agony, it were vain in us to speak, for who could describe the sinking of the heart—the thrilling and overwhelming desolation, and the tearless, settled despair, that wrung the poor orphan's soul, when she beheld him who had given her life, and fostered her in her infancy, all cold, and still, and feelingless!

Morning again dawned—

"The dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb!"

and the body then was removed from the cave to his brother's cottage, his poor bereaved daughter mechanically following the footsteps of those who bore it; and when at length it was laid down, unmindful of all around her—almost unconscious that any one was present—without speaking a word, or uttering a single shriek, she sat down quietly at the bed-side, breathing heavily, and as if her very heart would burst. She attended at the grave-yard, and saw him laid in the silent tomb. She felt that the last tie that bound them together was cruelly wrenched in sunder; and yet she did not weep, nor did her pale lip tremble, nor her eye grow dim. They led her home as dull, and, apparently, as feelingless as if her pulses had ceased to vibrate; and as she silently motioned them to place her near the bed whereon he *had* lain, they did so, and she covered her face with her hands and sat as still as marble, but a single tear did not force itself between her fingers! Evening approached—the door of her room was slowly opened—and her lover, who could no longer restrain himself, entered, and approached her she all the time appearing unconscious of his presence. His arm was wound round her, and he tenderly drew her yielding form to his panting heart, while he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate from excessive emotion—

"Polly! my own poor Polly, look up!—do look up, and be comforted for God's sake!—Spake to me Polly *athore machree*! won't you spake to me? only one little word?"

A shivering sensation appeared to pass through her entire frame. She drew back a little, and raising her hands, parted the clustering hair from his throbbing brow, and opening her eyes to their fullest extent, gazed long and anxiously at his features; then, as if satisfied with her recognition, she hid her face in his bosom, and a blessed burst of weeping relieved the maddening anguish of her heart.

"God—God be thanked," she faintly sobbed—"I am not robbed of all—I have *you* left yet—I have *you* to protect me. My poor father is gone—gone—Oh God, he is gone for ever—but you, Phil!—you yet are mine, and we shall not be parted!"

But why dwell on this? Time, that hath a balm for every wound, after a little dried up her tears, and she and Phil were "not parted," but united in that bond that only can make mortals truly—purely happy!

The three smugglers that were taken underwent their trial, and Brady appeared as a witness against them. They were each imprisoned for two years; but his malice after all was unsatisfied, for Phil—his rival and his detestation—escaped his clutch, as not being caught in the fact, no swearing could commit him. This marred all his revenge; and though he received the reward of his villainy, and was unpunished for the life he had taken in *self defence*, his fiendish soul was filled with the pangs of hell at seeing Phil and Polly united. However that part of the country soon began to grow too hot, and he suddenly disappeared, whither none knew or cared.

About two years and a half after the events we have just narrated, on a dark and stormy night in January, a number of men surrounded a small though comfortable looking cabin that stood at the foot of one of the mountains bordering on the County Kerry. The snow lay deep on the ground—the branches of the leafless trees were covered with a mantle of glittering hoar frost, and all around had the desolate appearance of a severe winter

The men were all clothed in coarse blue jackets, and small round hats—their faces were blackened so as effectually to disguise their features, and each of them was armed with some rude weapon. When they drew near the door, their leader, a strong limbed and muscular man, accompanied by two others, advanced, and with the butt end of a pistol rapped violently against it; upon which a stir was immediately heard inside, and a trembling voice demanded—

"Who is there?"

"Open the doore," thundered one of the three, "an' you'll soon know."

He then waited a moment, as if in expectation of his demand being complied with, and on the person inside again asking what was wanted, answered—

"We want yer own purty self, Tom Brady. Just to hold a little converse wid you about ould times."

"Its too late," answered the voice from within, with a forced calmness, that ill disguised the speaker's terror, "I can't let yez in at this hour ov the night."

"Och, how mighty particular yer growin' all ov a sudden, acushla," interrupted the person who had before spoken, and at the same instant, assisted by his two companions, he placed his huge shoulder against the door, and with one push it was driven from its hinges.

"Oh! fur God's sake, gintlemin," said the trembling Brady, whom they now seized on, "what is the matther?—shure yer not goin' to murder—gintlemin jewils shure yer not!"

"Asy wid yer palaverin'," answered one of them, striking him rudely across the mouth, "or may be we will—cum on peacefully, an' we'll not take yer life all out, but iv ye continue your blasted squalling, look at that—(and he held a pistol to his head)—it's gapin' to blow yer brains out, and faix its a'most a pity to baulk id."

They then led, or rather dragged him to some distance from the cottage, leaving two of their party as guards over his shrieking wife, and placing him on his knees in the snow, swore him to quit the country for ever. The poor wretch mumbled out the oath, shaking all over from head to foot, and then as they were seemingly about to let him go, his eyes flashed at the anticipated easy escape; but one of them turning to the rest, exclaimed—

"Well boys, yez know we must lave our mark on him, so say the word, will we *card* him, or prevint his turnin' informer a second time."

"Oh! fur the sakes ov yer wives an' yer childre," shrieked he, "spare me from the torture!—I'll swear never to thry an' find yez out!—I swear to lave the country to-morrow!—this instant!—oh! do forgive me only this onst!"

"Listen to the deludhin' tongue ov the haste," said the last speaker, "thryin' to cum over us soft agin: musha bud yer a fine boy wid yer spakin' weapon any how, and I think it id be a pity not to slit it a little bit: boys yez all know a parrot spakes better whin its tongue's cut, and why not an *informer*."

At the second mention of this hateful name, towards which the Irish always have a strong detestation, the terrified Brady shuddered convulsively; and when they all tumultuously agreed with the proposal of the last speaker, his senses seemed actually to desert him from fear and agony. The cold drops of sweat fell thickly from his brow as they violently seized him, and despite his frantic struggles, fastened a strong cord with a noose on it round his neck. One of them then pushed him back, and laying his knee on his chest, pulled it so tightly that his face grew black—the veins in his forehead swelled, and his tongue protruded considerably from his mouth.

"Hould on now an' that'll do," said the man who first seized him, and at the same time he quietly opened a clasp knife, and seizing the thrust out member with his nails, he pulled it till it could come no farther forwards, and cut it off from the very root. "Loose him now, avick," he then calmly said to the man who was assisting him, who immediately unfastened the cord—upon which the poor mangled wretch lay bleeding and senseless from the extreme pain.

"I wondher would he be so glib wid his *gab* iv he wor insisible now," he continued in an unmoved gravity of

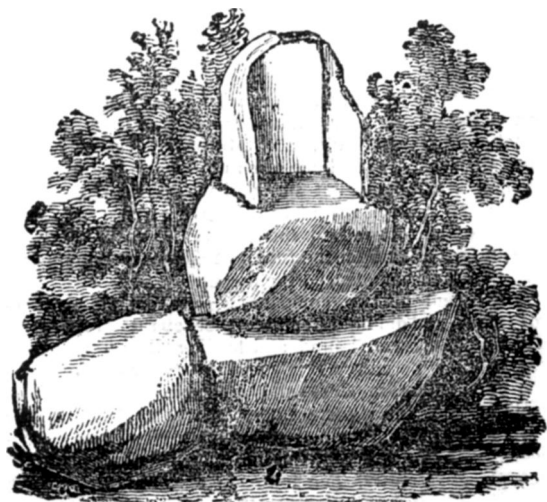
accent—whoo! bud what a tongue the baste had, as long as my arm, and amost as thick—in throth its no wondher he could sware an' give evidence."

"Put it in his pocket iv he has one," said another, "an' whin he wakes it'll divart the hunger off him."

With much laughter and joking this was done, and in a few minutes after they all had departed, and there was no trace save a pool of blood that crimsoned the snow, to tell of the deed that had been there perpetrated, for his wife on being released had removed him again to the cabin.

The mutilators never were discovered, and Brady having lingered for some time, died with all the agonies of mental and bodily suffering. Phelim and Thady were constant visitors at Phil's cabin after their release, for he had given up smuggling totally on his marriage, and it was remarked that whenever Brady's name was mentioned they exchanged looks and were silent, but any thing further never transpired.

TIM. SIMKINS.



DRUID'S JUDGMENT SEAT.

A few perches from the road leading from the town of Killiney to Bray, by Shankhill, (on the land side) and nearly in a line with the Martello tower, stands a chair formed of stones, nearly similar to that described as the coronation chair of the O'Neils, in one of your early Numbers. It is formed of several large blocks of granite, and is popularly styled in that part of the country, "the Druid's Judgment Seat." Not knowing its history, I wish to draw the attention of some of your antiquarian correspondents to an object of so much interest. When I visited the spot some time since, it lay nearly hid in a clump of dwarf trees, and was then completely overgrown with briars.

C. H. W.

The following singular phenomenon occurred nearly fifty years ago on the coast of Magilligan. A remarkably large rock was blown by a storm half way up the cliff, where it remained stationary; many persons are still living in that neighbourhood who remember the event.

It is but justice to an Irish artist to mention that the engravings in our last and present, as well as several of the best of those in recent Numbers of our Journal, have been executed by Mr. Robert Clayton, of this city.

DUBLIN :

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ansbery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Glasgow, by W. R. M'Phun.